

Melting Into Dingo

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Summary: "You see, the thing about being dead is, that you never have to understand the world anymore..." Hiccup meets someone who changes everything. R&R

Melting Into Dingo

Hey guys this is my first fic. If I get good feedback I will update!

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><p>On the day of my death. Yes this is an odd way to start a story. But tis me. Hiccup . The one you will soon find out was responsible for the killing of dragons on my island of Berk. But it's a long storyâ€|<p>

Sex was always my favorite time of year. Someday you would feel like running into that cave we call life, but others made you realize how good being a dragon really is. Dingo. See the reason I killed the dragons is because I was one.

Anyways, on Tuesdays, me and Astrid would always go to the far side of the island to fornicate in secret. Her father was an illicit Viking master swordsman who didn't like ginger in his tea. So we had to meet in secret. You may be wondering why I said dingo, that soon will come my funny friend. You must wait your turn in the line of my mind.

You see, the thing about being dead is, that you never have to understand the world anymore. More like flashing moments of days past. Which was Dingo's problem, you see. You see, Dingo was the only one who was like me. Dragonhuman. I was caught between two worlds, that of Astrid's love cave and Dingo's embrace. My newfound dragon instincts brought on a whirlwind of passion that I never thought I would know. It was exhilarating. When we flew together under the sea,

and above the sea, it was like nothing I've ever known.

But more on that laterâ€|

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><p>Chapter 2<p>

Sometimes I wonder why I got into this predicament. I was just a normal kid with a pet dragon. I had friends, a girlfriend, things were looking up in my life. I had just brought dragons back to my island to the delight of all its residents and even bridged the gap between awkward teen to sexual god. Then it happened. That fateful day. The day the music died.

Yes it sounds clichÃ© but literally the most beloved dragon lovingly called 'the music' fell off the edge of the cliff and well as you would have it was completely asleep the whole way down. Boom. Dead.

That's when it happenedâ€|.

See, I'd always wanted to find Toothless a mate, ever since I started getting some regularly. Toothless seemed like he was missing something, as if a section of his beautiful sleek scales was dull; as if he could be a raging fire but he was only a small, flickering campfire. That's when The Music came into my life.

Astrid and I were connected on the far side of the island when she entered, just as I just had. I immediately knew she had to be The Music. I'd never seen anything like her. Luminous bat-like wings, the color of the ocean at twilight. Large teal-blue eyes. Just staring at our naked bodies and making a noise that Thor himself couldn't recreate. It was heavenly.

Somehow, she called him to her. Using her womanly charms, that or the scent of getting some, she pulled Toothless into her grasp. They made sweet sour dirty love for three days straight, which you could see how she fell into such a deep sleep. Once she was gone, Toothless was devastated. He had no idea that his climax included a hell fire that no one could have ever predicted. He would never feel the warmth of her milky milky coco puffs again! In his anguish he couldn't see straight, ran towards me, and one single fingernail grazed my upper lip. I thought it was nothing at first, but then I felt funny all of the sudden. It was like my junk had a mind of its own. I began to shake, pulsate, and basically do the wiggle. I looked down and I saw itâ€|

The once soft skin on my naked body had suddenly transformed into blood red scales. I watched my hands turn to claws. My tongue craved the rawness of raw fish. I cried out in pain as my back arched and two great black wings sprouted out of my flesh. My whole world began to reek of jealous flames of tortured animation. However, my head and sight remained intact. I suddenly felt passions and saw visions of the greatest heights and lowest valleys, separating into an abstract rainbow of thoughts. That was the day the music died.

I didn't know what to do with myself. I turned around and
AHHHHHHHHHHHâ€|..

TBC

* * *

><p>Whaddya think? Lemme know!<p>

End
file.